Northampton, July 15, 1843.

My Dear Friend:

109 I see you as freshly with the eyes of my memory, as though you stood before me; yet a distance of nearly one hundred miles separates us from each other. This is done by mental clairvoyance, without the aid of animal magnetism. Believe me, I am neither asleep nor dreaming, though I have just had a comfortable siesta, in a natural way. I hear you, also, in the same manner that I see you; but both seeing and hearing belong to the past, in this instance, and though delightful in the shape of reminiscences, they give no knowledge of the present, and are far from being actualities. In plain English, (for I am getting to be too mystical,) how you look now, whether you are well or ill, whether you are at home or abroad, on what topic you are conversing, or what you are doing, I really cannot tell. On these points I need information, and therefore should be highly gratified to receive a letter from you, giving me all the particulars. But much should I prefer to see you — "in the flesh," as we say, or in the form of "a living epistle," to use an apostolic phrase — in this romantic village, that we might ascend heavenward together, at least as high as the top of Mount Holyoke, and, I was about to say, never part company with each other! But, without an instantaneous translation, such a continual juxtaposition would hardly be convenient for either of us, in a business way. Yet I hope that the time will arrive, (but that time pertains to eternity,) when, our mortal having put on immortality, we shall "meet to part no more," where we shall enjoy the contemplation of scenes infinitely more beautiful and glorious than are to be found in the enchanting valley of the Connecticut. Do you not intend to escape from the heat, dust, langour and confinement of a city life, in mid-summer, for a few days at least? Or have you done so already? If you have not, pray let Northampton stand first on your list of preferences, and give to the spurious humanity of the place, by your presence, "the assurance of a man." But I will not be selfish. It is my friendship for you that is thus suggestive and urgent.

I am fresh from a jaunt to Springfield, in company with James Boyle and Dr. Hudson, to attend the anti-slavery convention in that place. The ride was transcendantly fine, and afforded an amount of enjoyment not to be derived from the possession of one hundred millions of dollars, in hard cash. If my organs of ideality, eventuality, locality and memory, be not larger now than they were a week since, they are certainly more active. Yet I cannot describe what I have seen and felt. If, with the curse that still rests upon it, (not an arbitrary curse, however — not an irreversible, almighty fiat, but the original curse growing out of, and perpetuated by, man's disobedience, which has prevented the desert wilderness from blossoming like the rose, and produced briers and thorns in afflicting luxuriance,) Nature presents so ravishing an aspect, what will be her appearance when that curse shall have been removed, and there shall be nothing to hurt, molest, or make afraid? when love shall cover the earth, "as the waters cover the sea"? when peace and plenty shall be as abundant as the light of heaven?

Our convention at S. was not numerously attended, — for, though these are emphatically "the times that try men's souls," the farmer does not leave his plough, nor the mechanic his work-shop, nor the merchant his counter, as was done in our first revolutionary war, — but we had a choice selection of people, and a very spirited time. Not less than six or eight clergymen were present, with a fair sprinkling of the leading politicians in the place; but though we brought the most tremendous charges against Church and State, and challenged all who were present to refute our positions, not one of our opponents ventured to take the floor. I am persuaded that a deep and salutary impression was made on the occasion. For further particulars, see the next Liberator.

The "Northampton Association" is struggling bravely and hopefully for success, against the embarrassments of the times, against the prejudices of the community, against the formidable difficulties necessarily attendant on every such enterprise at the outset, against the cry of infidelity, raised by priestcraft and bigotry. As it is yet in its infancy, it is too early to predict the result of this experiment; but I trust it will be

cheering to the friends of universal reform. If the members of the Association prove true to themselves, and allow no root of bitterness to spring up among them, I see no serious obstacle in the way of their success.

Our esteemed friend D. L. Child will probably be the bearer of this letter, as he told me, a few days since, that he should endeavor to leave for Boston, without fail, to-morrow. I regret that the Standard has been so long without an editor, and that our friend has been unable to settle his affairs in this quarter at an earlier period. He has been a hard worker on his land, and has not failed in his beet sugar experiment for any lack of industry or energy on his part. I am sorry that he has received no other compensation for his severe toil and philanthropic intentions, than the consciousness of having tried to do good. Of course, you and the other dear friends in the city will have an interview with him, and freely interchange thoughts with each other, respecting the points on which we feel so deep a solicitude.

What has transpired in the world, or even in Boston, since I left, I do not know, as I get little or no intelligence here. Cut off from my weekly examination of papers from all parts of the country, and scarcely seeing one for many days in succession, I am famishing for intelligence. A remedy for this will soon be applied in the shape of a bundle of papers, which is hereafter to be forwarded to me by Harnden's express, once a week, from 25, Cornhill.

We have had intensely warm weather (a few days excepted) since our arrival. Though only three weeks have transpired, it seems as though we had been absent nearly as many months. Our location is a pleasant one, but very retired, about three miles from the centre of the town. My health is better, in some respects, than it was before I came, but my left side continues troublesome. Helen and the children are all very well, the latter being thoroughly browned in their complexion by their unwonted exposure to the sun. Pleasant as is the country, we shall all be happy to return to the city by the first of October. My wife desires to be specially remembered to you and Harriet, and to Mr. and Mrs. Merriam — and we twain, you know, are one.

Your grateful friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Francis Jackson,

Hollis-Street,

Boston,

Mass.

Wm. L. Garrison
June 15 1843
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